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I. H. JULIAN,

"Prove All Things: Hold Fast that which is Good."

PROPRIETOR.

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month, San Marcos.
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" " " " " 3—3d " Wimberley's Mill.
" " " " " 4—4th " Dripping Springs.

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—TO THE—

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—GET YOUR—
PLAIN AND FANCY JOB WORK
—DONE AT THE—
FREE PRESS OFFICE.

Absence Conquers Love.

[The following exquisite poem, which was originally published in the Cincinnati American in July, 1831—well on to half a century ago—was written by Frederick William Thomas, a native of Charleston, S. C., but then residing in Cincinnati. He was at one time professor of rhetoric and English literature in the Alabama University, but returning to his first choice, the law, settled in Cambridge, Md., and remained there till 1860, when he was induced to conduct the literary department of the Richmond Enquirer. He has since died.]

'Tis said that absence conquers love.
But oh! believe it not.
I've tried, alas! its powers to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear—
As fixed in this devoted heart
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same;
And when the wine cup passes round,
I toast some other fair;
But when I ask my heart the sound
Thy name is answered there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot,
For I must bear the same regret
Whatever may be my lot.

'E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bow to die,
So, lady, I would bear thee speak
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love,
But oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its powers to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Jan. 1, '79.

A sub committee of the Blaine outrage committee goes to New Orleans at once. They have lists of witnesses from Mr. Blaine, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Dawes. It is not believed they will stay long, though that is uncertain, of course. The Committee got its money by a decision of the acting Attorney General overruling a decision previously made by the first Comptroller of the Treasury. While everybody is anxious that the Committee should go on and do its work, there is great dissatisfaction at this decision of the acting Attorney General. The decision is in substance, that what the legislator wrote, when he presented the bill to Congress, shall be held to be the law rather than what was made law in due form by the action of Congress and the Executive. There could hardly be a more dangerous proposition than that. To be sure, there was some reason for believing that Congress meant to pass the bill as presented, but there is a certainty that they did not so pass it. This kind of construction in a case of importance, might have the most deplorable consequences. It is freely suggested that Asst. Attorney General Philips should find a field for the employment of his talents outside of the Attorney General's office.

Mr. Wheeler will assist Mr. Hayes in his New Years reception. This was a very common thing previous to the war. President Lincoln broke up the custom. He, as is well known, was an exceedingly plain man, and he may have thought that the face of the then vice President with his own, would have the effect of dispelling all the cheerfulness that usually accompanies New Years greetings at the White House. Mr. Wheeler is not a beauty but he is not hideous. It is not too much to say that the Burnside-Banning army bill loses supporters steadily, and that there is now little chance of its passage through either house at this session.

To each and all of your readers a happy new year.

REX.

A Memphis lady writes to a friend in the North: "I believe this plague has made a Universalist of me. I have seen men in a moment rise from the depths of degradation and wickedness to Christ-like sublimity, in devotion and sacrifice, and the most polluted of my own sex suddenly changed into angels of mercy. Thus God teaches us to scorn none of his creatures."

An Expensive Social Habit.

IT COST ME A FARM.

At the age of 12 years I commenced the use of tobacco, with the opinion that it looked manly to use it. I had considerable difficulty in forming the habit, I was very often sick and blinded from the effect of it, but by and by the habit was formed and I was a tobacco chewer, ejecting from my mouth tobacco juice. My parents tried to prevail upon me not to use it, but in vain. I had my plugs about the barn, As a source of expenditure the habit was a success: I was able in a year or two to use fifty cents worth a week. It puzzled me to provide the spare change to enable me to continue the luxury (as I esteemed it.) Frequently the use of it produced nervousness and prostration. I was often subject to great inconvenience, in entering the house of some tidy housekeeper to find a place to spit, was often compelled to hold the tobacco juice in my mouth until it was full and running over, and then rush to the door—at other times I would swallow the juice, which would produce a burning sensation in my stomach, causing an increased flow of saliva. Still I persisted in the use of the weed. Twenty years sped away, through which I had probably averaged fifty cents a week, or \$26 a year.

Having a little leisure one rainy day, I began a calculation of what it had cost me, principal and interest, in twenty years, which I found to be \$1,500, that is if the \$26 each year had been loaned at 10 per cent. interest and compounded annually; in 23 years, or by the time I would be 60 years of age, would amount to nearly \$24,000. I passed my fingers through my hair and thought what a good sized farm that would buy. And yet how many have have chewed on to 60 years of age chewing up two or three farms, I quit, and have enjoyed better life for it.—[Billy Biddle in the Co-Operative Journal,

Case of The 'Splosion.

"I would invite you to my house, Brudder Jackson," said Johnson, "but I dunno as we'll get any supper dis night, de cook stobe am dreiful out of repair."

"What's the matter wid de stobe?"

"Well, you see, cold wedder am comin' on, and wood's gettin' scarce and high, and I've 'structed de folks to be berry economical in de use ob it. We's bin buyin' in small lots, and last night, bein' out ob fuel, I sent one ob my boys ober to a neighbor's to borrow a few sticks, de man and his family had gone to bed, owin' to de lateness ob de hour, and dat boy, who would 'spise to do an unhoneest transaction, wrote out his note for de value ob de wood, and droppin' it in a permanent place in de wood shed, shouldered an armful and brought it home."

"Jess so."

"A fire was kindled, de tea kittle put on, de ole woman she's gettin' de supper. All ob a sudden puff went de stobe, kushosh went somethin' and as I tumbled ober, I saw de ole woman makin' fur de roof wid de tea kittle and de stobe plates followin' her, while de boys and gals was black wid smut."

"What was de cause ob de splosion?"

"I'm strongly clined to believe dat dar was powder in dat wood, and dat de powder was put in dar by dat white man to catch some thievin' darkies w'at never buys no wood, and dat man 'specks me, kase he couldn't find dat note, and wont make no 'pologies."

"Dat am an outrage."

"For a fact, and de chil'en's supper was spoiled."

A Mr. Moore and his step son started West from Cleburne to purchase land, and a few days ago their horses were recognized while being sold at auction on the streets of Fort Worth. Suspicion being aroused, parties at once set out in the direction traveled by Moore and his son, and their bodies were found fifteen miles West of Fort Worth.

Thought He Had 'em Again.

Sniffles brought his two weeks' spree to a close on Saturday night. He lay on a lounge in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour lager, when something in the corner of the room attracted his attention. Raising on his elbow he gazed steadily at it. Rubbing his eyes he stared again, and as he stared his terror grew. Calling his wife, he asked hoarsely:

"Marandy, what is that?"

"What is what, Likey?"

Sniffles' name was Lyeurgus, and his wife called him Likey, for short and sweet.

"Why, that—that thing in the corner," said the frightened man, pointing at it with a hand trembling like a politician.

"Likey, dear, I see nothing," replied the woman.

"What, you don't see it," he shrieked.

"No."

"Then I've got 'em. Oh, heavens! bring me the Bible, Marandy—bring it quick. Here, on this sacred book, I swear never to drink a drop of whisky. If I break my vow may my right hand cleave to the roof of my mouth, and—"

Here, catching another glance of the terrible object, he clutched his wife, and begged in piteous tones:

"Don't leave me; don't leave your Likey! And, burying his face in the folds of her dress, he robbed and moaned himself into a troubled sleep.

Then his wife stole gently to the corner, picked up the toy snake and threw it into the stove.

Death.

It is the thought of death that is terrible, not death. Death is gentle, peaceful, painless; instead of bringing suffering it brings an end of suffering. It is misery's cure. Where death is, agony is not. The processes of death are all friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. There is a picture somewhere of a tearless face, lived and ghastly, which the beholder gazes on with horror, and would turn away from but for the hideous fascination that not only rivets his attention, but draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture the hideousness disappears, and when directly confronted it is no longer seen; the face is that of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the object of the artist was to impress the idea that terror of death was an apprehension. Theodore Parker, whose observation of death was very large, has said he never has seen a person, of any belief, condition or experience, unwilling to die when the time came. Death is an ordinance of nature, is directed by beneficent ends. What must be, is made welcome.

He Said No More.

He was an aesthetic young man from the city. The floor manager had introduced him to a divine young creature in blue, and they stood in the set waiting for the prompter's call. "What a charming assembly," remarked the young man from the city, gazing around upon the array of beautiful faces and costumes. "There is something so captivating, so etherealizing in these gatherings of culture and refinement, that I am always charmed when I can mingle in such a joyous throng. Do you not pronounce this a fashionable and intellectual soiree—a superior gathering of beauty and gentility?" "It's the boss," replied the gentle creature in blue as she arranged the fastening of a neat little glove. The young man from the city had to be assisted from the hall.

"Merm, will ye darn this hole in my arm," yelled a youth, as the garment he reached her; when she drew in her yarn and cried in alarm, "G'lang, I'm busy on slippers for the preacher!"—
Wheeling Leader.

"Eugenia, Eugenia, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another cat upon your feet?"